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COMICS

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UNCLE WIGGILY

by
HOWARD
R. GARIS

This SCOOTER CRAFT- is going to be fun- I don't know why I never invented one before.



LOVE, 1913, BY HOWARD R. GARIS

Come, Uncle Wiggily, put your tools away. We're starting for the Picnic Grove now.

Just wait half an hour, Nurse Jane, and we'll all RIDE there.



Wha-at? Do you think for a moment I'd be seen riding in THAT crazy contraption, Wiggily Longears?

But it isn't a crazy contraption- it's a genuine SCOOTER CRAFT that I've just invented!

I'd like to ride in it, Nurse Jane.



Nonsense! The children and I are going to have our picnic without any broken bones to remember it by... You can come when you are ready.

I'll save you a sandwich and some olives, Uncle Wiggily!



Hello, Wiggily! Are you building a sailboat?

I certainly am, Uncle Butter! But it will sail on land as well as on water, so I call it a SCOOTER CRAFT!



Wait till I get my valise, and we'll take a little trip to the Picnic Grove.

All right, I feel just like a picnic today!



Nurse Jane and the Littletails have gone on ahead with the lunch...



...But I have a surprise for them—four bags of self-popping popcorn, and a jug of molasses-candy syrup.

Sounds scrumptious!



The self-popping popcorn is another invention of mine—you'll see how it works when we get there.

Fine! I can hardly wait till we get there!



Yo, heave ho! A sailing we will go! Weigh the anchor, hoist the sheet, and let the breezes blow!



Breakers ahead! Sta'board your helm!





There! I've mastered it, Uncle Butter- we'll have smoother sailing now!



We turn off here for the Picnic Grove. All's clear ahead!



Here's a fine place to spread our tablecloth. We'll set a place and glass for Uncle Wiggily. He'll be coming later.



He'll be coming TOO late - I'm hungry enough to eat ALL of that lunch!



GR-R-ROR! Give me your basket or I'll bite your heads off!

P-Please don't, Mr. Bear!

N-No!

EEEEK!



Ba-a-ah! You let those bunnies alone!

Huh-what?



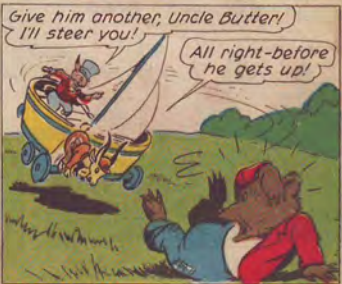
It's Uncle Wiggily and Uncle Butter!

OWF!



Give him another, Uncle Butter! I'll steer you!

All right-before he gets up!



Atta boy!

UMPH!



We'll boost him just once more!

HELP! Lemme go! I'll be good!



NOW what do you think of my Scooter craft, folks?

It's wonderful! I'll take back everything I said about it, Wiggily.

Oh, boy! It's most as good as an airplane!



You were splendid the way you faced that dreadful bear, Uncle Butter!

Here's your glass of milk, Uncle Wiggily.

You mean the way I BUTTED him!



The sandwiches are all gone—finish your milk now, children.

Wait a minute—I have a surprise for you in my valise!

Oh, goody! Is it candy?



It's popcorn—just pour some of it on your plate, Nurse Jane.

I hope you remembered to butter it, Uncle Wiggily.



Why, it isn't even POPPED! What sort of a joke is this?



You'll see in a minute—after I pour some special molasses candy syrup over it!

Oh dear—another of your inventions!



Why-why, it's **POPPING ITSELF!** The special syrup makes it do that!



It's **DELICIOUS!** Ha-ha-ha! Wait till they're all popped before you eat them!
Look at mine! It's getting bigger and bigger and bigger!



That was a **LOVELY** dessert, Uncle Wiggily! Thanks, Nurse Jane... The sandwiches were scrumptious, too!
I couldn't eat another crumb!



And I'VE room inside for YOU! A scaly serpent! This is the end of us!



Goats are my favorite lunch - and rabbits are next - **DON'T ANY OF YOU MOVE!** **AH-H-H!** You're squeezing my breath out! Oh, deary me! He's caught Wiggily, too!



Listen, Mr. Serpent—if you have a taste for REALLY nice things, I can promise you a big surprise...

What is it? **SPEAK UP QUICK!**

It's my special molasses candy popcorn—if you'll try some I'm sure you'll be glad to let us go. All right—give me some and I'll see...



You'll find it very delicious and satisfying.



GULP—
mmm—
yumm!



I like it—give me another!

At once! You're welcome to all I have, Mr. Serpent!



There, that's all—but in a moment you'll feel as if you'd had a full meal—a VERY full meal!



That was very nice for an appetizer—and now I'll begin on the MAIN COURSE!

No! Wait! Just a-uh-minute longer!

Be brave, Uncle Butter—it won't be long now!



ULK??!!

CRACKLE!
POP!
SNAP!



What did you-HUP-feed me-HUP-BUPP!

POP
CRACK!



Ooh, my poor HUP-BUPP-stomach! I'm -BUPP-blowing up!

Heh-heh-heh! I told you it would be some more satisfying-appetizer? ha-ha-ha!



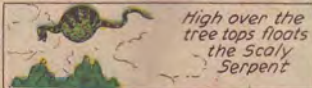
CRACKLE
POP
CRACKLE



L-Look! He's rising up in the air!

Yeh-just like a balloon!

High over the tree tops floats the Scaly Serpent



Nurse Jane! Susie! Sammie! Where are you?

The serpent has gone—he just POPPED OFF!





EE-YOW!

Here we are, Uncle Wiggily!



Bless you, what a fright you were brave enough with the I thought it was another REAL serpent, Scaly Serpent behind me! Wiggily Longears, I'm proud of you!



I think we all need something to quiet our nerves—how about a sailing trip around the lake?

Splendid! We won't meet any bad bears or snakes there. If we do, we can sail away from them.



There's the water—yippee!

We can go ANYWHERE in a scooter craft, can't we, Uncle Wiggily?



Let's sail past those beautiful islands!

Very well, I've never been there before.



Ps-s-st! I see a sailing craft!

We'll seize it when it comes closer.

Between two of the islands three Pirate Foxes wait in hiding. 9

What lovely trees and flowers! Don't the shadows look deep and mysterious?

Let's land and look for pirate treasure!



Ba-a-a-ah! Pirates! Just as we spoke of them!

Yi-yi-yip! BOARDERS AWAY!



Heads down! Perhaps we can beat them!

Oh, DEAR! What next?



The wind's against us—I'm afraid we'll be caught after all!

The Pirate Foxes in their swift pedal-wheel boat quickly overtake the scooter craft.



I have one more trick in my bag—if it works in time.

Uncle Wiggily quickly pours the last few grains of popcorn into the syrup jug.



Surrender—or we'll cut you to pieces!

Yes, yes, of course of course!



We'll keep these two baby bunnies for the stew-pot and make the others walk the plank!



Ho-ho-ho! Please, That will PLEASE be fun! spare our lives!

You'll go first, old longears! You can show the others how it's done-ho-ho-ho! Can I take all the time I want?



OW-EEE!



Go on, you old fuddy-duddy! Step high, wide and handsome!

Haw-haw! Poke him again!

Oh-HOW can they be so mean!




Now jump—you've taken time enough, old boy!




No-no! Not yet!







**YEEOWEECH!
BOMBS!**



*It worked!
Good old
popcorn!*




*Now to free my
hands before those
Pirate Foxes collect
their wits!*




*Was it really
your self-
popping corn
that made
such a
dreadful
bang?*

*Yes,
folks, being
corked up in
the jug made
them 100 times
more explosive.*

*Heh-heh! I'd go
through it all over
again, just to see
those foxes jump!*



*Dripping and weaponless,
the bad pirates climb back-
aboard their pedal-wheel boat...*



*...And watch Uncle Wiggily sail away with
their only cutlass.*

*Yo, heave ho!
A-sailing we will go!
The pirates bold
are wet and cold,
So let the breezes
blow!*

KEETO

THE JUNGLE BOY

Drawn by Tom Hickey

KRIFA, THE BROWN BEAR, FOUND KEETO WHEN HE WAS ONLY A BABY, AND BROUGHT HIM UP WITH HER OWN CUBS IN THE JUNGLE. AT THE AGE OF TWELVE KEETO WAS STRONGER THAN MOST MEN AND KNEW THE TALK OF ALL THE BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

STOP! DON'T DO IT, KEETO! REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED WHEN I THREW A CUSTARD APPLE AT THE FAT VILLAGE CHIEF!

BUT I'M THROWING THIS ONE AT THE FAT OLD BEAR WHO CALLS ME HER CUB ... THE WORST SHE CAN DO IS TO SPANK ME ... HERE, GOES!

SPLAPP!



OOWE!

NOW, THAT IS NO WAY FOR A NAKED, HAIRLESS CUB TO TREAT ITS MOTHER! **COME DOWN** HERE THIS MINUTE, KEETO!

WUFF! HUFF!
COME DOWN AND GET YOUR SPANKING, LITTLE BROTHER!

I TOLD YOU SO, KEETO! NOBODY IN THE JUNGLE CAN TEASE KRIFA AND GET AWAY WITH IT!

OH, KEEP QUIET, MAMMO, YOU LITTLE CHATTERBOX!

YOU HATE LEARNING EVEN WORSE THAN BEING SPANKED, FOOLISH LITTLE FROG -- SO I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU SOME JUNGLE LAWS!

LAWS! RULES! WARNINGS! YOU'RE ALWAYS STUFFING MY EARS FULL OF THAT TRUCK!

NOW, REPEAT AFTER ME:
AVOID THE MAN TRIBE AND
THE DOG-FACED BABOONS...
THEY ARE ALL FOOLISH, TRICKY,
AND DANGEROUS!

AVOID THE MAN TRIBE AND
THE--THE--OH, BOTHER!
I'LL PLAY WITH THE BABOONS
IF I FEEL LIKE IT--THEY
WERE KIND TO ME ONE DAY
WHEN YOU SPANKED ME
EXTRA HARD!



IN NEARBY TREES THE BABOONS LISTEN, GROWLING.

WH-A-A-AT? YOU PLAYED
WITH THOSE FILTHY
FLEA-BITTEN APES?
THAT DESERVES AN
EXTRA SPANKING!

GR-R-R-R- THE FAT
BROWN JUNGLE DICK IS TALK-
ING ABOUT US!



I--I'M SORRY, KRUFKA! I PUP-PROMISE
TO STAY AWAY FROM THE BABOONS!
ONLY--DON'T EVER SPANK ME SO
HARD AGAIN!

IT HURTS MY OLD
HEART WORSE THAN IT
HURTS YOUR HIDE, LITTLE
PROGLING! I THINK
A GOOD NAP WILL
MAKE US BOTH
FEEL BETTER.



THE MOMENT THE BEARS AND KEEES ARE
SOUND ASLEEP, THE BABOONS MAKE A
LIVING CHAIN FROM THE TOP OF THE CLIFF.



PULL HIM UP
--- QUICK!

AH-EEEE!
KRUFKA!
HELP!



THE BABOONS FLEE TO THE TREE TOPS AS KRUFKA RAGES
BELOW.



THERE'S KEEB, THE HULK!
WATCH WHERE THEY TAKE ME!
TELL KEEFA!

KEETO THE JUNGLE
BOY! THE APE
TRIBE HAS CAUGHT
HIM!



AFTER MANY MILES TRAVEL THROUGH THE TREES, THE
BABOONS REACH A DESERTED CITY.

A DEAD-CITY OF
THE MAN-TRIBE.



THE BIG APES TAKE KEEETO TO THE RUINED PALACE.

HERE IS OUR PALACE
WHERE WE WILL MAKE
YOU OUR KING, KEEETO!

YOUR KING! I DON'T
WANT TO BE KING OF
BABOONS!



HAIL TO OUR NEW
KING OF APES -- KEEETO,
RULER OF THE JUNGLE!

HARRY!
COUGH...COUGH...
WHOOPEE!

G'WAN!
YOU'RE ALL
DOPES!



HERE! YOU DON'T LOOK DIGNIFIED
ENOUGH. GIVE ME THAT CROWN AND
SCEPTER AND LET ME SHOW YOU!

TAKE 'EM --
AND WELCOME!



IN VAIN, KEEETO TRIES TO SLIP OUT UNSEEN.

LOOK! HE'S
GETTING AWAY!
CATCH HIM!



FIGHTING HARD, KEETO IS BURIED UNDER THE BABOON MOB.



WE'LL DROP HIM IN HERE WHERE HE CAN'T GET OUT 'TILL WE WANT HIM.

KREE-EE-EE!
I HEAR! I SEE! I'LL TELL!



KREE! TELL KRUPA WHERE THEY PUT ME! TELL HER TO BRING M-E-L-P!

KREE-EE-EE!
I HAVE FOUND YOU AT LAST, KRUPA! THE BABOONS HAVE SHUT KEETO UP IN A RUINED CITY TO THE NORTH!

AND THEY HAVE NOT HURT MY MARY CUB? **AH-WHOOF!**
LEAD US TO HIM, FRIEND **KREE!**



I SEE LEO THE LION AND HIS WIVES -- JUST AHEAD.

THAT IS GOOD -- PUFF, PUFF!
WE'LL GET THEM TO -- PUFF -- HELP US!



HALLOO, LEO! THE WICKED BABOONS HAVE TAKEN MY MARY-CUB, KEETO TO THE RUINED CITY -- PUFF, PUFF! COME AND HELP US RESCUE HIM.

ARROW! THE DOG-FACED BABOONS! I'LL HELP YOU -- JUST FOR A CHANCE TO SLAP DOWN A FEW OF THOSE APES!

EYEW! COUNT US IN TOO! JUST YESTERDAY ONE OF THOSE FILTHY BABOONS THREW A BREADFRUIT AT MY HEAD!

HERE COMES ARAK, THE BLACK LEOPARD AND HIS MATE, WE'LL TELL THEM, TOO!



WRAH! OF COURSE WE'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU, KRUFU! EVERYONE HATES THOSE CRAZY BABOONS— BUT THEY DO MAKE GOOD EATING!



BACK IN THE RUINED SUMMER HOUSE, KEETO LOOKS FOR A WAY TO ESCAPE.

HAH! WHAT IS THIS? IT LOOKS LIKE A BIG YELLOW KNIFE!



WICKING ASIDE THE DEAD LEAVES, KEETO UNCOVERS A GOLDEN SCIMITAR!

IT'S SHARP AND HEAVY! I WONDER IF . . .



WITH THE SCIMITAR, KEETO EASILY PRIES OPEN A SMALL BRONZE DOOR.

HUMMM! THAT WAS EASY! I THINK I'LL KEEP THIS SHARP YELLOW STICK! IT'S BETTER THAN MY KNIFE!



OH-OH! I CAN'T GET PAST THOSE APES WITHOUT BEING SEEN AND CHASED!



HORNETS' NESTS ON THAT LIMB OVER THERE! . . . THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA . . .



..AND THIS WILD GARLIC!..

... WILL MAKE ME STING PROOF! HORNETS HATE THE SMELL OF GARLIC!



KEETO RUBS THE SMELLY GARLIC LEAVES OVER HIS WHOLE BODY . . .

EEYOWW! THE JUNGLE BOY GOT OUT! OUR KING IS RUNNING AWAY!!



AS HE PASSES BENEATH, KEETO HURLS A STONE AT THE BIGGEST HORNET'S NEST.



SOME OF THE BABOONS DETOUR THE HORNETS -- BUT THE DELAY HAS GIVEN KEETO A BIG LEAD.



THE RIVER'S HALF A MILE AHEAD -- IF I CAN GET THERE BEFORE THEY CATCH ME.



REACHING THE RIVER BLUFF, KEETO SPOTS HIS FRIENDS.



HI--KAUFA! IT'S ME--KEETO.
HIDE AND WAIT WHERE
YOU ARE!



KAR-WOOF! HIDE IN THESE
BUSHES, FRIENDS! MY MAN CUB
COMMANDS US!



THE BABOONS CHARGE IN A
MOB, BLIND WITH RAGE.

NARROWN! GRABOON!
WE'LL TEAR YOU TO PIECES,
HAIRLESS FROG!

YAH!YAH! YOU'LL NEVER
CATCH ME! I'VE STILL GOT
A TRICK OR TWO--YOU PIG-
FACED, HORNET-STUNG,
FLEA-BITTEN JUNGLE-DUMS!



AT THE LAST MOMENT
KEETO TURNS AND
JUMPS

WHOO-OOP!!



AS KEETO
STRIKES OUT
FOR SHORE,
A TORRENT OF
BABOONS
POURS OVER
THE BLUFF.



THE BOY TRUANTS THE SWIMMING APES ON INTO AMBUSH.

PHOKEY, WHAT ROTTEN SWIMMERS!
YOU'RE OUT OF PRACTICE! YOU
HAVEN'T HAD A BATH
IN A YEAR!

AROOH! I'LL RIP
YOUR TONGUE OUT MY-
SELF, YOU NAKED
TADPOLE!



RIISING FROM THE BUSHES, LEO ROARS HIS CHALLENGE.

YAHH!
HA, HA!
COME ON
AND GET ME!



WITH A TERRIBLE CHORUS OF YELLS THE BATTLE BEGINS.



KEETO KILLS THE HUGE BABOON LEADER!

NINE DOWN ---
AND YOU
MAKE
TEN!



SUDDENLY THE REMAINING APES TURN AND FLEE FOR
THEIR LIVES.

RUN! SWIM! FLY! THEY'VE KILLED
BIG BOBO! THEY'LL KILL US ALL!



THE BATTLE ENDED, KEETO HURRIES TO HUG KRUFU!

YOU'RE NOT HURT, MY MAN CUB?
TELL ME YOU'RE NOT HURT!

NOT OUTSIDE, KRUFU!
--- BUT MY HEART IS SORE
WHEN I SEE THE BITES
THOSE WICKED APES GAVE YOU
I'LL NEVER, NEVER DISOBEY
YOU AGAIN!



MUGGINS MOUSE

at the seashore *by Marjorie Barrows*



Once Muggins Mouse
was playing
A game of whisker-tap
And stopped to climb
inside a pail
To take a little nap.



But some boy took that
pail along
To play with by the sea.
When Muggins woke he
jumped right out
And squeaked excitedly.



*For he saw sand and sand in front
And sand behind his tail
And sand on both sides of his ears--
It turned his whiskers pale!*



Then Muggins ran

and ran

and ran

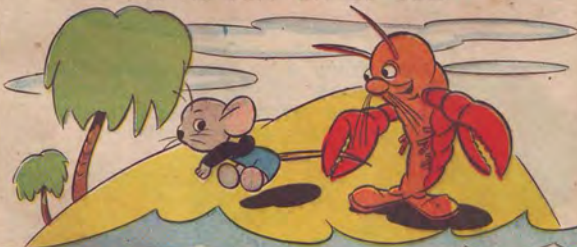
*Until he couldn't stop,
And when he reached the
ocean, why,
He jumped right in
ker-flop.*



A big wave took
him for a ride
He bobbed along--
wheee--eee!

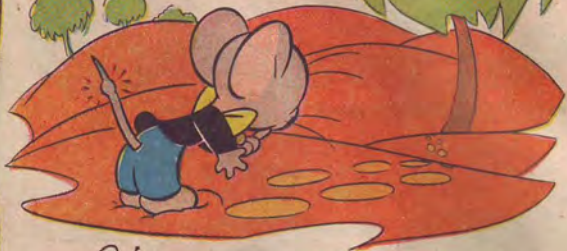


And he bobbed up and
he bobbed down
Till he felt all at sea.



He landed on an island
where
A lobster made him hop,
Because he grabbed his tail
till Muggins
Asked him please to stop.

Then Muggins straightened
out his tail
And somersaulted and
Just turned around until he found
Some footprints in the sand.



He wondered who had made them,
And stood there, quite annoyed,
Till someone cried, "Oh, Mouse, ahoy!"
And Muggins Mouse ahoyed.



*He found a wooden
sailor,
Half buried in
a hill.
"Please rescue me!"
the sailor cried,
And Muggins said,
"I will."*



*So Muggins dug the
sailor out
And, plunging
through the foam,
He swam with him
upon his back*



*And took him
to his home.*





Then Muggins waved
goodbye to him
And followed his old trail
And came back where he
started from
And jumped inside the pail.



When home at last what tales he told
To make mice quake and laugh!
And all his friends asked Traveler Muggins
For his autograph!

Best wishes
Muggins Mouse

THE BEETLE BATTLE OF THE BUG BATTALION

BY BUMBLEBRAIN

SMOLEY HOKES!
-JAPANESE BEETLES!



GO BACK!
-THIS IS MY HOME!

HOW DARE YOU
COMMAND THE
SONS OF THE
RISING SUN!



WE ARE THE HONORABLE
MASTERS OF THE WORLD!
--BEAT IT!

OUCH!



MEN, THESE LEAVES LOOK MIGHTY GREEN AND TENDER!

YES INDEED!
--YUMM!
-LET'S EAT!



-TWO MINUTES LATER-

GOODNIGHT!
...THEY'VE EATEN EVERYTHING!
--THEY'LL RUIN OUR COUNTRY!



IT'S AN INVASION!
--I MUST TELL OUR PRESIDENT!



RENT-A-PLANE SERVICE

FLY ME TO THE CAPITOL!
-QUICKLY!



OKAY...HOP ON!...I'M ALL WARMED UP!



PAUL REVERE HAS NOTHING ON ME!



HERE'S THE CAPITOL BUILDING!



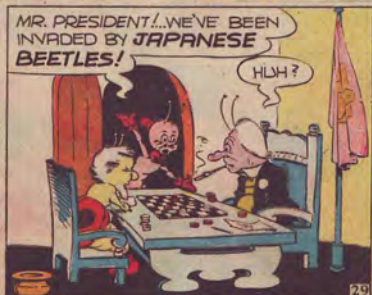
FARE, PLEASE!

CHARGE IT!
--I MUST SEE
THE PRESIDENT
IMMEDIATELY!



MR. PRESIDENT!...WE'VE BEEN
INVADED BY **JAPANESE
BEETLES!**

HLUH?



SECRETARY!—SUMMON
GENERAL BITTYBUG!
—WE'VE BEEN ATTACKED
BY JAPANESE BEETLES!
—WE'RE AT
WAR!

OMIGOODNESS!



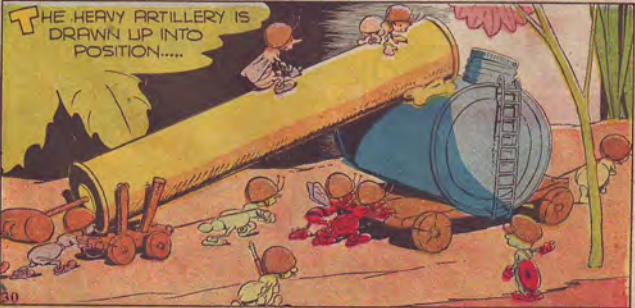
THIS CALLS FOR TOTAL
MOBILIZATION OF LAND,
SEA, AND AIR
POWER!

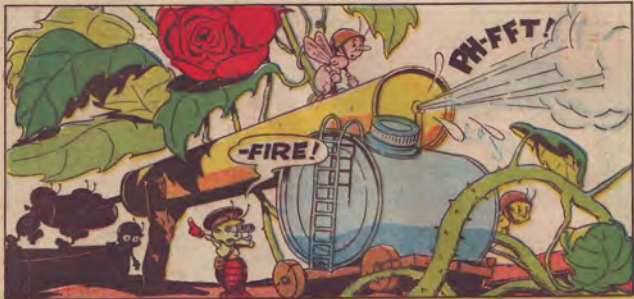


THE TANK FORCES OF THE
BUG BATTALION ARE SOON
MOVING IN ON THE BEETLE
INVADERS, WITH GENERAL
BITTYBUG IN THE LEAD....



THE HEAVY ARTILLERY IS
DRAWN UP INTO
POSITION.....





CAPTAIN!...THEY'VE DISCOVERED US!...THEY'RE LAYING DOWN AN INSECTICIDE BARRAGE!!
(COFF!)



YOU'RE RIGHT!-(COFF!)...IT IS GENERAL BITTYBUG'S ENTIRE 8TH ARMY!...ORDER A RETREAT TO THE EAST!



WE CAN'T RE-TREAT--WE'RE CUT OFF!!
LOOK!--PARACHUTE TROOPS!



THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO ESCAPE--
ACROSS THE CREEK!--INTO THE
WATER, MEN!



I CAN'T
SWIM!



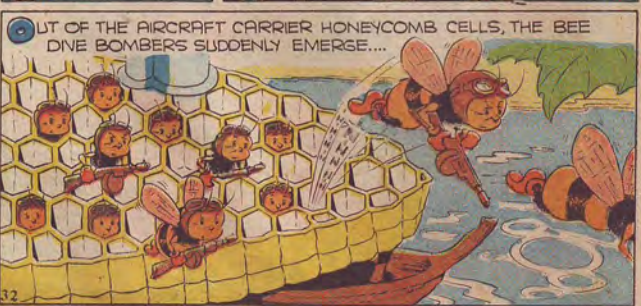
!! -WAIT!-- SEE
THERE?-- AN
AIRCRAFT
CARRIER!-- WE'RE
DOOMED!



SURE ENOUGH!--A HONEYCOMB AIRCRAFT
CARRIER BLOCKS THEIR ESCAPE BY
WATER!



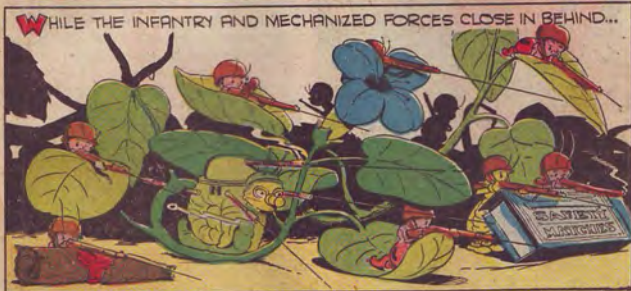
OUT OF THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER HONEYCOMB CELLS, THE BEE
DIVE BOMBERS SUDDENLY EMERGE....



THE BEE DIVE BOMBERS
ZOOM DOWNWARD,
MACHINE-GUNNING
THE JAPANESE
BEETLE INVADERS....



WHILE THE INFANTRY AND MECHANIZED FORCES CLOSE IN BEHIND...



FINALLY--

GENERAL,
I REPORT THAT THE
INVADING BEETLES HAVE
BEEN ANNIHILATED!



SPLENDID!...GO TELL THE
PRESIDENT THAT VICTORY
IS OURS!



CHATTER LEARNS A LESSON



For several days there had been great excitement in the squirrel colony in the Deep Woods. There was no time for frisking and playing among the flowers and trees; everyone was much too busy for that. The trees which usually brought forth the greatest supply of nuts in the Woods had been struck by a blight, and there were hardly enough nuts on any one of them to last the winter. That's how it happened that Grandpa Squirrel held a meeting one autumn night.

"Friends and neighbors," he said when they had all gathered around him. "it's up to us to see that we have enough nuts to last through the winter. With the trees struck by a blight, there will be hardly enough nuts to go around. Now, we're all going to have to pitch in and help. Are you willing?" And Grandpa peered over his glasses at them.

There were cries of "Of course, Grandpa Squirrel," from everyone, and he continued.

"Well then, here is my plan. When I was a little squirt—I mean squirrel—we had

this same sort of blight strike the trees in the woods where I was raised, and this is the way we fed ourselves during the winter. Everyone in the colony formed themselves into bands and they gathered every nut there was to be found on the trees. Then all the nuts were put into a large pile and rationed out to the squirrels. That way no one had any more than anyone else, and everyone did his share of work. What do you say, shall we try it?"

Well, all the squirrels in the colony thought it was a splendid idea. That is, all except one. That was Chatter. Now Chatter was inclined to be a wee bit greedy, and a little stingy too, so he wasn't very popular among the other squirrels.

"Humph," he snorted to himself when he heard Grandpa Squirrel. "That's silly. Why should I work as hard as that and then get only a few nuts a day? I'll just go hunting by myself and gather all the nuts I want." And that's just what he did.

All day and night Chatter rushed from tree to tree taking the largest and best nuts he could find, filling his cheeks and even his pockets, and then hurrying off to hide his booty. He had found that down in the roots of the tree where he made his home





was a wonderful storeroom for his hoard, and there he hid it, so no one would know what he was up to. And every day, while the bands of other gatherers were making their plans, he hid and listened to them. Then when he heard where they were going, he dashed off to the place first and picked all the best nuts for himself.

For many weeks Chatter worked as hard as he could, and every day his pile grew larger and larger. Soon he had to dig another hole in the trunk of the tree to hold it all. And all the time he grew fatter and fatter, for he had all to eat that he could manage to stuff into his little tummy.

Then one morning he woke up to discover the ground was covered with snow. Winter had set in. Grandpa Squirrel held another meeting, the pile of nuts was counted, and they found that if each squirrel took just two nuts a day, there would be enough to last them through the winter. Chatter busily filled his kitchen shelves with as many nuts as they would hold, then

carefully covered the other nuts in their hiding place so they would not be discovered, and settled himself down for the winter.

For many days the snow fell, and although the other squirrels had to make their daily trips to the community storehouse, Chatter was snug and warm in his little home.

And while the other squirrels in the Deep Woods grew thinner and thinner, Chatter grew fatter and fatter, and he laughed to himself when he thought how much smarter he was than everyone else.

And then it happened. For many days Chatter had not been down to his storeroom, but one morning he found he had eaten the last nut on the kitchen shelf, so he hurried out the door and ran down the tree to his hiding place. But when he opened the door he almost turned a somersault in surprise, for there was not a nut in sight. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. No, sir, not one nut. He couldn't understand it. Why, he had left almost a hundred nuts there, and now they were all gone. He hunted all around the room for





a clue to the mystery, and then he saw something which made him stop. There in the dirt were a lot of little footprints. Mice! The field mice had discovered his supply and carried them all away. Do you suppose they had found the other nuts, too? Quick as a flash he scampered up the tree again and looked into his other store-room. Ah, there they were, just as he had left them. He still had enough to last through the winter. He picked up the biggest one to take it home, and then almost dropped it in surprise. For there, looking out at him, was the face of a worm.

"Hey, where are you going with me?" cried the worm. Quickly Chatter dropped the nut. He searched frantically through the rest of the pile, examining every one. Then he sat down on the floor in despair. Two big tears trickled down his nose and

splashed on the floor. Worms! There was a worm in every single beautiful nut. Every one of them was ruined.

Wearily he trudged back home. His warm and cozy little house seemed bleak and cold now that he knew he was going to have to go hungry the rest of the winter. Then he jumped up excitedly. Of course, why hadn't he thought of it before?

He knew where he could get some nuts. From Grandpa Squirrel, of course. Out he ran and dashed through the snow to the community storehouse.

"Well, Chatter, what can I do for you?" asked Grandpa Squirrel when he saw Chatter come running through the door.

"Please, Grandpa Squirrel, may I have some nuts? I'm so hungry!"

Grandpa Squirrel peered over his glasses at him. "Hungry, are ye? Well, ain't we all this winter? Nuts? Hm-m-m-m. Seems to me I don't recollect you bringing any nuts in here while the other squirrels were gathering, did you?"

Chatter hung his head. "No, no, I guess I didn't."

"Well, then, I couldn't rightly give you any, when you didn't contribute to our stores at all. 'Twouldn't be fair, now, would it?"

Chatter walked dejectedly homeward, his little stomach gnawing with hunger. And as the days went by, he grew hungrier and hungrier, and thinner and thinner. Every day he searched the snow and ground to see if there were any nuts left, but never a one did he find. He was afraid he wasn't going to be able to last the winter. Finally, one morning he was so weak he couldn't even get out of bed. He



had been laying there for some time, wondering what was going to become of him, when he heard a loud knocking on the door.

"Come in," he called weakly and could hardly believe his eyes when in walked his brothers from the next tree, each carrying a large, beautiful nut. Chatter thought they were the most wonderful-looking nuts he had ever seen.

"We heard you were in trouble, Chatter," said the first squirrel, "so we came to see if we couldn't help. Here, we have brought you some of our nuts." Chatter was so excited he almost forgot to thank them.

And as he ate greedily, his brothers watched him. When he had finished they said, "Now, do you see what it is to be hungry? If you had worked and shared your nuts with the others, we all would have been a little better fed, and you would not have had to go hungry like this." Chatter was very much ashamed, for he did indeed see that what he had done was wrong. And from that day to this Chatter has been the kindest, most unselfish little squirrel in the whole colony of the Deep Woods.

And Grandpa Squirrel often wisely nods his head and says, "Yep, just like I say, everything happens for the best."

WALTER LANTZ PRESENTS

HOMER PIGEON

WELL, CAR-R-RIE!
I BRUNG
YA SOMETHIN'!

LET ME SEE
HOMER! WHAT
IS IT?

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NO, SIREE! NOT
UNTIL YOU GIVE
ME A LI'L KISS!

I'M A-WAITIN',
CAR-R-RIE!
I'M A-WAITIN'!

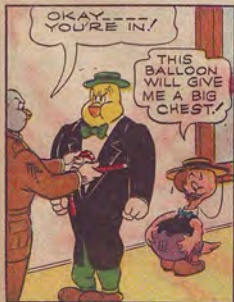
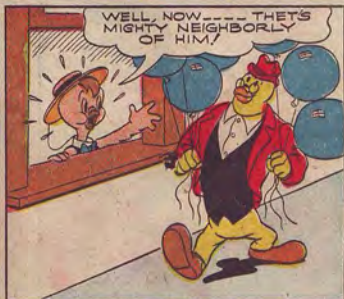
LOOK,
HOMER--
LOOK!

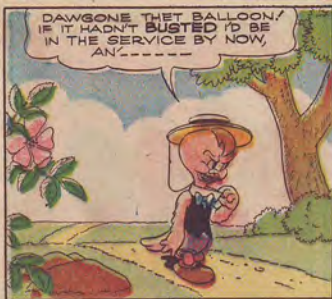
I DON'T KNOW
ABOUT THAT!
WHAT'S HE
GOT THAT I
HAVEN'T GOT?

PLENTY,
IF YOU
ASKS
ME!

SHUCKS! IT'S
ONLY AN ARMY
CARRIER
PIGEON!

OH,
ISN'T HE
BRAVE
AN'
HANDSOME?







OH, GOLLY!

GIVE ME THAT MESSAGE, SONNY!



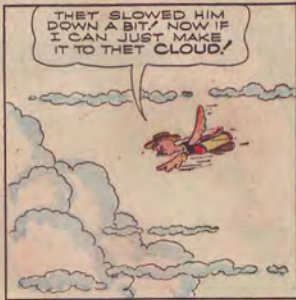
YOU'LL NEVER GET THIS MESSAGE — 'CEPTIN' OVER MY DEAD BODY!

...AND THAT'S JUST THE WAY I'LL GET IT, INSIGNIFICANT ONE!



OH, YEAH?

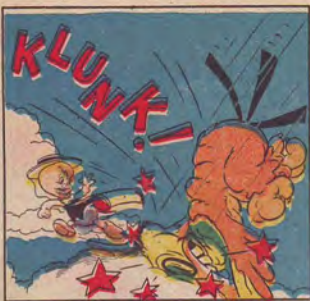
BOOM!



THEY SLOWED HIM DOWN A BIT! NOW IF I CAN JUST MAKE IT TO THAT CLOUD!

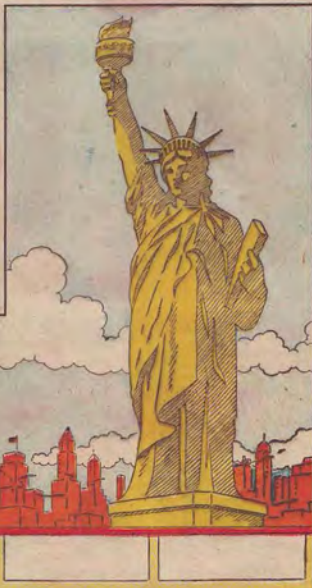


COME ON, YA BIG SISSY! COME AN' GIT ME!



AND SO.... HOMER CARRIES THE IMPORTANT MESSAGE SAFELY TO ITS DESTINATION.

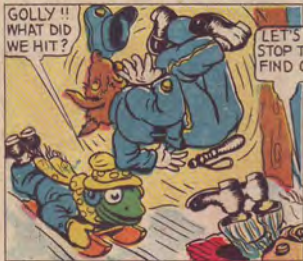




MERRY MEADOWS

by JUSTIN C. GRUELLE

HO-HUM!
IT'S DULL
AROUND
HERE



LET'S NOT
STOP TO
FIND OUT



ON THE ROOF
ABOVE, MAURICE
MOUSE WAS BUSY
CLEANING OFF
THE SNOW.





BLUB - MFSK -
CLUG - OPSTZ -
MF - ORK - OOP -
URKST -



WAIT 'TILL I LAY MY HAND
ON THE VARMINT - I'LL - I'LL -



OOPS !!! SOMEONE BRING ME A
PARACHUTE !!!



YOWEE

MFSK -
GURGLE
OOMSK



☆?! - MM - PFT - ☆
GLFF - IMSK - ☆!!
- GOPSK - ♪?!☆
OINK - ☆ - ♪



GIT UP, LEGS - DO YOUR
STUFF - WE GOT TO
GET OUT OF HERE. HE
SOUNDS Madder THAN A
HAT FULL OF
HORNETS !!

IT'S SABOTAGE !! I'LL
TEACH 'EM
A THING
OR TWO



I'LL WHIZZ AROUND
THE CORNER AND
NAIL 'EM IN THEIR
TRACKS. FOLKS DON'T
CALL ME DANGEROUS!
DAN'L DOG FOR
NOTHING - GR-R-R



SMACKO



SO!! YOU'RE THE
BLACK-HEARTED VILLAIN
THAT TRIED TO UPSET
LAW AND ORDER ?



SO! YOU ADMIT YOU
WERE CARRYING
A BLUNT INSTRUMENT!



B-B-B-BUT, I WAS
ONLY -SH-SH-SH-
OVELING THE S-
S-SNOW OFF TH-
S-S-SIDE WALK !!

GOSH, FELLERS !!
WE'VE GOT TO SAVE
EDDIE ELEPHANT !!!

TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THE
GREAT OUTDOORS - YOU'RE GOIN'
TO GET LIFE IN THE HOUSEGOW
FOR THIS !!! -



LISTEN !! I'VE GOT
AN IDEA. WHY NOT
DO THIS - WHISPER -
WHISPER - WHISPER



IF WE CAN - PUFF - PUFF - ONLY
GET TO THE - PUFF - PUFF - TOP
OF THE HILL IN TIME -
PUFF - PUFF - YOUR
SCHEME WILL
WORK, MAURICE!



YIPPEE - YIPPEE - FOLLOW ME INTO THE
TARGET, FELLERS - I'M SMACK
ON THE BEAM !!

IN FACT JUDGE CARL CAT
MAY GIVE YOU NINE
LIFE TERMS





YOWEE !!!

HURRAY - A BULLSEYE !!!

HOLD ON TIGHT, EDDY, AND YOU'RE SAVED !!



MFKS - GURGLE - OOMSK - OAMSK - ☆ - ♪ - ORST - GURK - MMF-T-T ☆ ♪ BOOP !!



SO! A GUNMAN'S MOLL, EH?!!! I'LL MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF YOU!



YOUR GANG'S GOT A HELICOPTER, NO DOUBT, AND WILL TRY TO RESCUE YOU, BUT ONCE INSIDE THE JAIL - YOU'RE A GONE GOSLIN' N' A DONE DUCK !!



OH MY GOODNESS - HE'S GOT DORA DUCK !!

I S'POSE YOU'RE AN OLD HAND AT JAIL BREAKIN', BUT YOU WON'T GET OUT OF THIS ONE, SISTER! NO SIRREE!

NAILING A SPECIALLY
DESPERATE CRIMINAL
LIKE YOU OUGHT TO
GIVE ME A
BIG REPUTA-
TION IN THESE
PARTS



THE JUDGE WILL GIVE
YOU LIFE FOR ASSAULTING
AN OFFICER WITH A
DANGEROUS WEAPON



AND AN EXTRA TWENTY
YEARS FOR AIDING
ANOTHER PUBLIC ENEMY
NUMBER ONE TO ESCAPE -
TEN YEARS FOR
RESISTING ARREST AND-



SIXTY DAYS
FOR GETTIN'
SNOW DOWN
MY NECK



OH BOY!! DORA
WON'T HAVE TO
GO TO SCHOOL
FOR MORE
THAN A
HUNDRED
YEARS

IF WE HAD TIME ENOUGH, WE'D BAKE A PIE AND PUT A FILE AND A KEYHOLE SAW IN IT



AND MAYBE A ROPE LADDER AND A FALSE MUSTACHE

C'MON, FELLERS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST



THIS IS A REGULAR LALLA-PA-LUSER OF A SNOW BALL. I HOPE OUR SCHEME WORKS!!



NOW ALL TOGETHER - ONE - TWO - THREE - SHOVE



YIPEE !!! LOOK AT THAT BABY TRAVEL !! C'MON, BOYS! WE'LL FOLLOW IT DOWN AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS !!!





SPUNKY

and the

HORNETS

Let go, Spunky!
Your baby teeth
are too sharp!

Grrrrr! I'm
hungry!

You play too rough,
Spunky—I know!

Spunky Spaniel, the
biggest and strongest of
his litter, feels that the
world is his plaything.

Co-o-ome, Puppy,
Puppy, Puppy!
Get your
suppy!



Suddenly from outside the
woodshed comes a
thrilling call.

Youpee!

Spunky—
look out!

Yip!

Yippy!



Hey, Spunky, don't eat it
all!

Slupp, slupp,
gulp, gobble,
slupp!

You're the
greediest
thing I
ever saw!

Hey, quit pushing
me—I haven't
finished!

So what? I've
finished!





Ay-yi-yi!
Take your
foot off my
stomach!

Why?

I'll show you
why—I'll pin
your ears back!



You and
who else?

Yipe! You big
bully! I'll tell
Ma on you!



Ha-ha-hah!
Go and tell
her—who
cares?



I can lick (hic) anything
on legs! I'm fed up (hic)
with those babies!

Full of milk and
importance, Spunky
goes looking for
new worlds to
conquer.



Whassat? It's not
a leaf—why
can't I
hit it?



Umph! No fair putting
a ditch here to trip me!

Yi-ike!

Z-zip!

A flying Cicada bangs into Spunky's nose.

Ugh! Oh! So you're the pesky thing that hit me?

I'll fix you!

Crunch! Crunch! Not so bad eating, except for those wings.

What are you doing here? Gwan! Scram!

Eek! What's that?

At the edge of the tomato patch, Spunky encounters a rat

I'll cut your throat, you bumbling baby! Chrrrrh! Why don't you act scared? I'll—

Yow-r-r-roup! You'll do what? I'll chew you up!

Yow-yow-yap!
You'd better run!
Nasty skinny-tailed
thing! Yap! Yap!



Yap-arrrh!
Where did that
animal go?



Spunky's rush is
too much for the
rat's nerves.

Hornets!
Yipe!!



Bzzzzz!
Z-zzzing!

Oweee!
Yi-yi-yi!

Zip!
Zing!
B-zoom!



Help
Ma-mah!
Yi-yipe!

Zzzzzzz!



Yarp! Yarp!
Spunky, I'm
coming!

Yi-yi!
Ma-ma-a-ah!



Ow! Oooh! Mama, it hurts like everything!

Hush! Mama knows what hornet stings are—they won't kill you!

Oh, Mmmama! I can't see out of my eye—and mow is all fickle and funny!

Still whimpering, Spunky trots home at his mother's heels.

Mmmm! Oh, my head! What'll I do?

Go to bed for a while. It'll wear off.

Ha, ha! Spunky looks awful funny!

Poor Spunky! Am I making it feel any better?

Mmm, I gueth tho, Curly—ith my lip ath big ath it feelth?

Late in the afternoon comes the clatter of spoon and pan, calling the pups out of their box.

Clink! Clink-a-clink!

Why, Spunky, where are your bad manners? Those hornets must have knocked them clean out of you!

Thip-thip-thip! My lip thtill hurth!

I like Spunky better this way, don't you, Mama?

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